

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

RAY (45) white, mostly gray hair, tall, powerful man wearing an expensive suite.

Ray stands at a podium microphone before his peers reading off a page.

RAY

Our nations alumni leaders are charged with the responsibility of directing the future of our country.

INT. PRESTIGIOUS OFFICE - DAY

Ray sits dressed in a suite at a large oak desk.

A Young White Girl, (19), nervous, sits across from him slumped down in the large chair.

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Ray's hand shakes nervously holding the page over the podium.

RAY

Before they were given this opportunity they had to gain passage through the proper doors. We are charged with the duty of serving our country by providing sound moral and ethical leaders of tomorrow.

INT. PRESTIGIOUS OFFICE - DAY

The towering Ray stands and shakes the Young White Girl's hand graciously with both hands.

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

RAY

One could argue that a Harvard Admissions Advisors bears a greater responsibility than any other single group in the country. We decide what players will be in the game and what players will never play. I appreciate your great service and thank you for keeping our traditions and mission in mind with each decision you make this quarter.

Audience CLAPPING is heard.

INT. PRESTIGIOUS OFFICE - DAY

Ray watches the Young White Girl exit the room.

He places the application on his desk in a folder, tab reads: DECLINED.

INT. PRESTIGIOUS OFFICE - DAY

Ray sits at his desk looking at an application with a photo attached.

MARC SOUNDER, (18) Mexican, light skin, sits across from him.

Ray looks closely at the photo: Marc appears to be much lighter skinned in the photo.

RAY

Marc, I noticed something awkward about this photo of you.

MARC SOUNDER

It's my senior picture.

Ray slides the picture across the desk to Marc.

RAY

Do you see what I mean?

Marc shakes his head no.

RAY (CONT'D)

Manipulating the truth not is tolerated here.

MARC SOUNDER

I didn't change anything..

Marc lowers his head.

RAY (CONT'D)

You think that having straight A's and white skin is what I care about?

MARC SOUNDER

No.

RAY

You have no alumni in your family and you came from a public high school. The reason I granted you an interview was because of this letter.

Ray holds up a ten page document.

RAY (CONT'D)

Which I'm starting to wonder if you actually wrote.

MARC SOUNDER

I want to go to the best school possible. I have worked so hard for..

RAY

You want to go to Harvard for yourself?

MARC SOUNDER

Yes.

RAY

I think you have missed the point of what we are trying to do here. Harvard is not for the selfish and it is certainly not for the deceptive. We are an institution of high expectations, and demand that our students share our same beliefs of honor.

Marc is on the brink of tears.

RAY (CONT'D)

I want to thank you for applying. We will send you our decision by mail.

Marc trembles as Ray stands over him smiling.

Ray gives him a powerful handshake displaying his Harvard ring.

INT. PRESTIGIOUS OFFICE - DAY

Ray sits at his desk reading.

TOM, (50's), bald, african american, enters office.

Ray stands at his desk.

RAY

Tom, how are you?

TOM

Good Ray.

RAY
To what do I owe..

TOM
Please, sit.

The two men sit.

TOM (CONT'D)
Ray, I looked over the numbers of
your diversity acceptance report.

RAY
If you look at my students you
will find at least ten percent are
students of diverse backgrounds.

TOM (CONT'D)
I haven't ask my question yet.

An awkward moment of silence. Ray leans back in his chair.

TOM (CONT'D)
Yes Ray, I have seen the
applications. I also saw that you
asked each one of them to attach a
picture of themselves.

RAY
That is well within my right to do
so.

TOM
I also noticed everyone of them
looks, similar. The ones that you
accepted. They may technically be
of multicultural background but
they all look the same.

RAY
The same? I have been following
our diversity standards and
practices policy to a tee. I guess
I don't see your issue with it.

TOM
I just wanted to bring this to
your attention, that's all.

RAY
I can assure you that looks are
not something I base my decisions
on.

TOM
I saw you declined Marc Sounder.

RAY
Yes, I did.

TOM
You read the note I attached to his file?

RAY
I saw the note.

Ray pulls a sticky note off his desk.

TOM
Then you understand why I put a note on his file.

RAY
I've heard of his family yes, of course... Tom, the kid is not a leader, he is a follower at best. He belongs at a different school.

TOM
Ray, I placed a sticky note on his file because I think he would make a fine addition to our freshman class.

RAY
Come on Tom.

TOM
Ray, we have been doing this too long. I don't know why you are arguing with me.

Ray shakes his head in disagreeably.

TOM (CONT'D)
Do you have any new information to add?

RAY
No.

TOM
Ok. I appreciate your cooperation on this.

Tom stands, shakes his hand powerfully and exits.

Ray picks up the file and looks at the obviously doctored picture of Marc Sounders.

Ray places it in the folder Labeled: DECLINED.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Outside Rays tall office door.

Ray carries a leather bag, turns out the lights and shuts the door to his office.

The door slowly creeps open.

Ray bumps the door with his foot. A metal name plate drops off the door.

RAY

God damn this place!

He picks up his name plate and carefully places it back on the door reads: Raymond Baker Assistant Director of Admissions.

He carries a briefcase and hobbles on a cane down the hallway.

A Woman closes the door to her office and locks it.

WOMAN

See ya Ray, have a good night.

Ray waves her off.

Angry, he trudges down the empty hallway and turns the corner.

He smacks heads with GARY, (late 20's), white, short with jeans and a t-shirt. Tattoo on his forearm.

Ray's papers spill on the ground as he falls scrambling.

RAY

Christ.

They hold their heads in pain.

RAY (CONT'D)

Where is the fire!

GARY

No fire.

RAY

Are you a grounds keeper?

GARY

No.

Ray stands with his cane and approaches Gary.

Ray glares down at his tattoo.

RAY

What is your business here?

GARY

I'm applying in the spring.

RAY

We stop doing tours at four.

GARY

What's your name?

RAY

My name? Raymond Prim, assistant director of admissions what is your name?

Ray pulls out a scratch piece of paper and pen.

GARY

Gary Slayer.

Ray looks up from his note.

RAY

Slayer? Related to Charles Slayer, the Senator?

GARY

My dad.

Ray swallows deeply and stands up hesitantly.

Gary grins at Ray's reaction.

RAY

Everyone knows somebody famous. Shit, my great uncle was a famous astronaut.

GARY

This is how you treat potential students.

RAY

Oh, no. I don't see any potential students here.

Ray stares him down.

Ray gathers his papers and walks down the hall.

GARY
Ray Prim, right?

RAY
Did I stutter? Want me to spell it
for you?

Ray looks over his shoulder and watches Gary walk down the hallway talking to himself.

Gary thrusts the doors open with force.

RAY (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Ray furiously throws a file of papers against the wall.

The tornado of papers falls around him.

EXT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

LOUD BREEZY WIND

Leaves fall from the trees in front of the Harvard University Library.

INSERT: 3 Months Later

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - EVENING

A hand flipping pages through a book.

A scanner BEEPS.

Inside the QUIET University Library, Ray stands at the checkout counter wearing a name tag.

A group of ten students wear head phones and wait in his slow line to check out books.

Ray scans a book, searches around on the mouse.

RAY
Where is the refresh button!

STUDENT
(OS)
Shhh!

A student employee leans over him and points on the screen.

Ray clicks the mouse.

RAY

Thanks.

Ray looks up from the computer seeing: Marc Sounder at the front of the line holding a stack of books.

The two look at each other, as if strangers.

Marc slides his books across the counter to Ray.

Ray awkwardly scans the books BEEP.

RAY (CONT'D)

Due back March 18th.

Ray slides the books across the table to Marc.

Marc Sounder holds a small stack of fliers and slides one across the table.

Ray lifts up the flier: Vote Marc Sounder Student Body President.

Ray folds the paper in half.

He watches Marc hand fliers to a group of students in line.

Marc enthusiastically shakes their hands.

Ray lays the flier across the counter removing the wrinkles.

He pulls out tape from the drawer.

He hangs the large flier up on the wall behind him. The same photo of Marc Sounders only with dark natural skin.

RAY (CONT'D)

Can I help the next person?

A student places books on the counter.

Ray begins scanning, BEEP.

FADE OUT: